Numb. 107.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Wednesday February 16th. to Friday February 18th. 1708.

Q. GEntlemen, *Pray, is there any Scripture Account, who was the Father and Mother of the* Virgin Mary, *if not, is there any written or Oral Tradition of it ſo as to be Depended upon.*

A. We have no other Credible Account of her Parentage, than that ſhe was *of the Houſe and Lineage of David.* See further hereof in a former *Apollo.*

Q. *A Certain Perſon, who will not be perſwaded of the Neceſſity of Baptiſm, wou'd not ſuffer his Children to be Baptiz'd. One of them being at Age, perſiſts in his Father's Opinion. Now, Query, whether he can be ſav'd without Faith and Repentance in Baptiſm; and whether he may be call'd a Chriſtian.*

A. The Promiſes of the Goſpel are made to none but thoſe, who are admitted Members of the Church by the Sacrament of Baptiſm. *Whoſoever*, ſays our bleſſed Lord, *Believeth and is Bap iz'd, ſhall be Saved.* Not whoſoever believeth only, but whoſoever both Believeth and is Baptiz'd withal. But where any ores Refuſal of that Sacred Ordinance procedes, not from an Affected or a Careleſs, but from a Blameleſs, an Invinſible, Ignorance; inſtead of Raſhly Judging, of Imprudently Condemning him, we ſhou'd do better to leave him to the Mercy of that God, who may Pardon, where he has not Promis'd, may vouchſafe Remiſſion, where he has not Oblig'd himſelf to do it. But Happy thoſe, whom Baptiſm Enables to Challenge the Performance o. a Promiſe, to lay Claim to the Aſſurance conſequent to an Obligation. But what ſhall we ſay of Thoſe, whom Obſtinacy Blinds, whoſe Contempt of that Heavenly Inſtitution ows it's Unhappy Riſe to a Perverſe, to a Refractory Temper. Such Men wou'd go to Heaven on their Own Terms, expect the Beatifick Viſion on their Own Conditions, and will not allow the Author of their Future Happineſs to Propoſe the Method of Obtaining it.

Perſons as yet Unbaptiz'd may be Miſcall'd indeed, but not Call'd Chriſtians, ſince, as a Chriſtian and a Member of the Church Catholick are Equivalent Expreſſions, ſo the Goſpel acquaints us with no other way of becoming ſuch a Member, than by the Neceſſary, the Indiſpenſibly Neceſſary Rite of Baptiſm.

Q. *Gentlemen, I have peruſed your Papers with no little Satisfaction, they being both diverting and inſtructive; and let me further aſſure you, that 'tis that great Candour, which in a more eſpecial manner ſhines in you, joyn'd with the Confidence of my not having troubled you (before this) with any Queſtion, 'tis theſe Motions, I ſay, which have emboldened me to become a Petitioner to your Shrine, hoping that you will Candidly give me your Judgment in this Query, upon which* (believe me) *all my Happineſs on this ſide of the Grave does totally depend. My Caſe, in ſhort, is this. I am at preſent a Cantabrigian, and ſo I have been theſe two years, but before I was admitted, I caſt my Affections upon a young Lady, a Clergyman's Daughter, for Beauty and Education not diſpiſeable, but a Perſon whom I love intirely. I have made my Addreſſes to her, and am receiv'd; we have kept up a friendly Correſpondence together ſome conſiderable time, by Letters, tho' privately; but as ill-luck wou'd have it, we have had Letters intercepted, which has Caus'd a great deal of Unhappineſs between us, eſpecially, to me, who have incur'd the Diſpleaſure of my Parents and particular Friends thereby. For you muſt know, that this Lady has but little or no Fortune, and in ſhort, Money has been the cauſe of all this diſtraction. Duty on one ſide forbids me, Love on the other Eggs on my willing Mind to perſiſt in my Undertaking; but what to do I know not. Here therefore Your Judgment (on which I might ſtil depend) is to take place. Let me, therefore, intreat you (urging, that 'twill be a great piece of Charity) to haſten the Solution of this my demand. In doing which, you will Infinitely Oblige your Humble Admirer,* A. B.

A. Your *Affections* ſuggeſt to you, that your *Preſent Happineſs* depends upon the accompliſhment of your Deſires; and your *Education* teaches you, that your *Future Welfare* will be Conſequent to the Performance of your Duty. But where the one Unfortunately Interferes with the other, we need not remind a Member of the Univerſity, that *the Sufferings of this Preſent time are not worthy to be compar'd with the Glory, which ſhall be Reveal'd in us.* But the Beſt, nay, the Only Method to Reconcile ſuch Inconſiſtent Intereſts, and make them Amicably Unite together, is, firſt to conſider, that your Parents have no other than a Negative Voice, and in conſequence of this to wait with Patience and

Submiſſion, till the Scene be Chang'd, till the Proſpect be Inverted, and Providence ſhall Graciouſly Vouchſafe to Crown your Wiſhes with their Deſir'd Succeſs. But the mean while you muſt be Careful to take refuge in that *Godlineſs*, which *is Profitable unto all things, having the Promiſe of the life, that now is, and of that, which is to come.* But if the Lady be Impatient of Delay, and not willing to Preſer her Love for You to any Intermediate Opportunity, that ſhall preſent it ſelf, you may Comfort your ſelf, under your Misfortunes, with the pertinent reflection, that you were not in ſo abſolute a Poſſeſſion of her Heart, as you might fondly Imagin, and that ſhe is Palpably Deficient in one of the Principal Accompliſhments, that ſhou'd ſo recommend her to a Prudent Lover, as to engroſs his intire Affections, namely, that of *CONSTANCY.*

Q. *Whence proceeds a Sudden Starting in Ones Sleep?*

A. It Proceeds from Divers Cauſes, as Frightful Dreams, Malignant Vapors Offending the Brain, Convulſions of the Nerves, and Other diſorders Incident to ſickly Conſtitutions.

Q. *Ingenious Gentlemen. A Wager being laid upon the following Queſtion, and one of the Parties likewiſe obliged to go out of Town in ten Days time at fartheſt, I earneſtly deſire your Deciſion of the Matter,* i. e. *Whether or no (according to our modern Method of Spelling) you make* LEAST *ſtand both for a Note of Prohibition, and the Superlative Degree in Quantity. If you anſwer my Requeſt you'll Oblige your Admirer,* Stake-holder.

A. The word, which you are pleas'd to call a Note of Prohibition, is not a *Note*, but a Particle of Prohibition. For the word, *Note*, does not belong to the Parts of Speech, but to what we call *Stops*; as a Note of Interrogation, or Admiration. Beſides, the word *Leſt* is a Particle or Adverb, not only of Prohibition, but alſo of Dehortation, and therefore your Definition is but a Partial one. The word, as thus, *LEAST*, or thus *LEST* ſpelt, is too frequently Promiſcuouſly written for both the Particle, and the Superlative Degree: But ſo Promiſcuous an uſage of the word, as compos'd of the ſame Letters, is not ſo agreeable to the modern Rules of *Orthoepeia.* And therefore *LEST* is the Particle, and *LEAST* the Superlative Degree.

Q. *Why Red Hair, formerly ſo much admired, went out of Faſhion,* alias *fancy. And why Black came ſo much in?*

A. It is a Miſtake, it was a bright Yellow, not Red Hair, allow'd of for a Perfection amongſt the Poets. Tho' we believe the ſame Colours are equally admir'd now as then, according to the various Fancies of People, and the different Humours of ſeveral Countries: What might probably give Occaſion to the Poets to diſtinguiſh that colour, might be from obſerving, that the Greateſt Beauties, have been by the moſt famous Artiſts, painted with ſuch Hair; but that was only to give a warmth to it (a principal Beauty in Painting) and let any ſtrictly examine the works of our beſt Modern Maſters, they will find a great many yellowiſh, glowing Strokes, in the Hair of ſuch Perſons, who naturally have the Paleſt, Aſh-colour'd Hair, nor wou'd the Picture look well, if Nature were exactly copy'd therein.

Q. *I have made choice of a worthy Friend, whoſe worth and ſincerity I am very well aſſur'd of. She writes to me after the moſt affectionate, tender, indearing manner imaginable. But when we are in company together ſhe is a perfect contradiction to her Letters. She likes the Liberties I take with her, but ſtill continues reſerv'd to me.*

How ſhall I prevail with her to ſhew me as much kindneſs when preſent as when diſtant: Or muſt I content my ſelf with the benefit of her Friendſhip without the pleaſure of it. I deſire you well favour me with your Anſwer, and give me leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf your moſt humble and very much obliged Servant, Dorinda.

A. Madam, we ſee no Reaſon, why you ſhou'd the leaſt doubt the ſincerity of the Lady's Friendſhip, ſince what is writ, is a ſurer Demonſtration of the Diſpoſition of the Mind, being the effect of Deliberation and ſecond Thoughts, than what is ſpoken only: And all are more cautious of what they give under their Hands, leaſt it become an *Evidence* againſt them. The Reaſon of that ſeeming Reſervedneſs in her, in Converſation, may ariſe from an Unhappy Temper (that Epithet may moſt Juſtly be apply'd in Point of Friendſhip) which allows not that Preſence of Mind, which ſome are Fortunate in; and this ſeems the rather ſo, becauſe ſhe is pleas'd with the Liberties you take.

Q. *Why ſhould* Crocus, *or Saffron, which is of a Red Colour, when boyled, or ſteeped in any Liquor, make it yellow?*

A. We beg leave ſo far to object againſt your aſſertion in relation to the Colour, as to ſay, that it more naturally diſplays a Golden Colour, than a Red one; and then it is no wonder why it's Infuſions are of the like Hue.

The Gentleman, who deſires to know, whether what his *Miſtreſs* ſaid to him upon his deſire to be *Releas'd* con'd be taken as a Diſcharge, will find a Solution of his Queſtion in the laſt Monthly Paper, Pag. 4. Col. 1.

The Gentleman, that ſent a Rejoyner to his Queſtion concerning Believing againſt his Reaſon, is deſir'd to ſend it again.

POEMS.

Q. *LEarned* Apollo, *tell me why,*
The Larks which ſoar ſo very high,
On their Return are always Found
To take their Lodging on the Ground:
Why on high Trees don't they repoſe,
Or in the Hedge as others does;
As ſeems more properly inclin'd
To ſuit their Lofty Tow'ring Mind.

A. To ſhun the Harſh Diſcordant Notes
Of Sylvan, and Promiſcuous Throats,
The Lark aſcends an higher Sphere,
And Joys to ſing her Anthems there,
Till with an Humble Flight poſſeſs'd,
She ſeeks the Loweſt place for Reſt:
As wiſely Judging on the Ground
The ſafeſt Seat is always Found.
A Moſt Pathetick Emblem This,
To Digit out the Sureſt Bliſs;

Teaching;

Teaching, that Grandeur's moſt Refin'd,
When 'tis with Condeſcenſion Joyn'd.

Q. *Dear all knowing Sot, Son of* Laton *and* Jove,
Say, whence this old Proverb took Bearing,
That Shitten-come-ſhite's the beginning of Love,
And a T—d in your Teeth's no Swearing.

Tho' the Query be courſe, don't think that I flout you,
By thy thund'ring Dad in the Sky,
I ſhould not have ask'd, could I tell it without you,
Nor would I provoke you, not I.
Ch——y Kn——y Vertuoſo S—r.

A. Joan Pluck being catch'd *at a time* by her Spark,
To conceal it, ſhe yielded with ſpeed,
Quoth He, *ſhitten-come-ſhite's the beginning of Love,*
And ſo they moſt *ſweet'y* agreed.

One *Bullock* was ſet in the Stocks for an Oath,
And finding the ſhame above Bearing,
Cry'd out to the Conſtable, in a great Wrath,
Well, *a T—d in your Teeth is no ſwearing.*

Q. *As Late in* Morpheus *Leaden Arms I Lay,*
To my Receſs, an Envoy Snatch'd his Way,
Fraught with the News of Dear Pioſa's *Death,*
Who ſuddenly, it ſeems, Reſign'd her Breath:
Waking, and Scar'd, did I with Horror Cry,
Oh Fate! had I but ſeen Pioſa *Dye;*
The Happy She, *that gave* Meloſa *Birth,*
Had I Beheld her ſudden Flight from Earth,
Then Satisfaction had O'ercome my Grief,
But I, alas! mourn 'thout the Leaſt Relief.
Thus Reaſon nor Religion can Expel,
The Grief that does my Tortur'd Boſom ſwell:
That She's ſecure in Bleſs'd Eliſium's *Plains,*
Alas! no Shadow of a Doubt Remains.
Then, Dearſt Youths, ſome Pity now Exert,
And Beams of Comfort to my Mind Impart.
Tell me, from whence the Boding Viſion came,
That did Pioſa's *ſudden Death proclaim;*
And why I thus Lament the happy Duſt,
Of Her *that dy'd ſo well, and liv'd ſo Juſt;*
Speak, Sacred Oracle, *my Tears regard,*
Nor longer let your Gracious Ears be bar'd;
What, tho' my Muſe is ſad, and Unpolite,
Her Love's ſincere, and all her Thoughts are white.

A. 'Twas Mighty *LOVE* that forc'd the Dread-
(ful vent,
LOVE that's Immortal ſure, the Meſſage ſent.
For 'tis not *Fate*, with all her Pow'r Controuls,
Or Bars the Bliſs of Sympathizing Souls;
And as your Better Half's Entomb'd and Gone,
We Need not ſtudy to derive your Moan.
Your *Muſe* then ſummon to prepare her Flight,
Let her Tranſport you through the Realms of
(Light;
Still ſoar aloft, Through liquid Skies repair,
And ſafely wing you to Eliſian Air;
If there with Reſidence *Pioſa*'s Bleſs'd,
Then ſhall *Meloſa* be with Recent Joys poſſeſs'd.

Q. *If I had bin gon a bord, I had not ſene your Anſar.*
Now for a braud ſide.
Cum ſiſt me efery gud and guddeſs,
To mak a ſtatur on thos boddeſs,
Who du pertend ther not ther peer is,
For anſaring efery Purſons squeris;
But thay at anſaring are ſo dull,
As if thay'd gut no Brans in Skull.
But I will tell yu how thay du,
Thar ſorry bus'neſs to go thru.
When thay du find thare Luggereds poz'd,
Thay turn the Squeri that's purpoz'd,
Into a Banter on the Squeriſt,
Tho' efery one may ſee it cleareſt,
To be the dulneſs of old Pollo,
That maks a Pun a Squeri follo,
I coo'd ſay more but that I fere,
To be ſo witty yu'd not dare,
To put it in yur papar Pollo,
Leſt *al Men ſhu'd leſe yu and follo.*
me Robart Aldetby

A. Methinx I ſe thee yerk and winch,
To feel hou plagele I pinch,
Thou'rt blind tu ſince thou duſt not know well,
Grate *Pollo* from his Servant *Row-well.*
Duſt think that ſutch a Jac a-dandy,
That ſtinxt of Bacco, Ling and Brandy.
He ever onnur wil ſo far,
As to F---t Ancers at a Tar,
Or to his Mungy Verſes, which
Stick as if aul his Brains were Pitch,
That when you tri to give um Scope,
You haul as if you hauld a Rope.
Thare go thre things to make a Slatur,
Wit, Scurvy Manners, and Ill-nature,
Tho' of the furſt you hant won Caſt,
You're double porſhund with the laſt·
And that a Tar does better fit,
Than if he ware diſguis'd with Wit,
And bettur ſutes his Wapping Punks,
Whom all the while he Cortes, he Funks;
For ſhud he thare ſpout Wit or Rezon,
Tha wud conclude it was all Trezon;
To them ſen next your Verce and Proes,
Tha'l tune them out with half a Noſe.
Robert Row-well.

Q. *Oft have I read your Lines, admir'd your Wit*
But ſtill I find I'm the Reverſe to it.
And tho' you Boldly Tour it to the Sky,
How did you firſt your Tender Pinions Try?

Say,

Say, by what means the Art I may Acquire,
To ſtop my Boundleſs Wiſh, and quench m' inflam'd deſire.

Your Admirer F.

A. To find your *Wants* is one ſure way to riſe
To *Senſe*, for none but ſuch are Counted *Wiſe*;
Boldly attempt! if *Nature* be unkind,
Denying *Aid* to your Aſpiring Mind;
Decline (contented with your Humble Fate)
For *Art*, tho' it may *Mend*, it never can *Create*.

Q. Apollo, *pray, tell me the Reaſon why,*
Young Men now a Days are grown ſo ſhy.
I am a poor Virgin, Aged twenty four,
If not quickly married, I ſhall turn a Whore.

Yours, Phileta

A. When Women make ſuch a vig'rous Effort,
The Men may ſuppoſe, their deſign is to *Court*;
But yet have a Care, how you make ſo much haſt,
For fear you continue moſt *wickedly* Chaſt.

Q. *Sure* Apollo's become,
Either Deaf, Blind, or Dumb,
Elſe Ill-ſtrung perhaps his Inſtruments.
Therefore ſend an Anſwer,
If any miſchance, Sir,
Is the Cauſe you forget Yours, Alexis.

A. We cannot ſurmiſe,
Where your Charge Latent lies,
Except for a flirt of your Wit.
For tho' we're become,
Neither Deaf, Blind, or Dumb,
We pretend not to *read* what's not writ.

For we remember no Lines lately under ſuch Name.

In laſt Paper, Col. 3. l. 42. inſtead of *Sable Light*, read *Sable Night*.

SIR,

THIS Adviſed from Venice, Jan. 18th. That the Diverſions of the Carnival are continued with great Expence and Splendour: That the King of Denmark has ſeen two New Opera's performed with great Satisfaction: That the Pope's Troops are numerous in Ancona, where General Marſigli has his head Quarter. That Peſaro has been ſummon'd to pay 6000 Piſtoles Contribution to the Imperialiſts; as likewiſe to furniſh 500 Crowns a Day, and Lodging to the Troops which have their Winter-Quarters there: That from Tirol and other places 'tis adviſ'd, that there are a great Number of Imperial Troops in thoſe parts, who are to March part to the Milaneze, and part to the Eccleſiaſtical State, as ſoon as the Weather will permit; that the Imperialiſts, who keep Fort Urbano cloſely block'd up, having ſummon'd the Governor to ſurrender, he return'd Anſwer, that he was determin'd to defend himſelf to the laſt extremity: That Count Taun had ordered his Troops to hold themſelves ready to March towards Rome the 15th Inſtant: That the Letters from Milan adviſe, that ſome Troops of the New Regiments of Landriani and Cicogna are on their March for Final, there to imbark for Catalonia: That ſome Letters from Milan adviſe, that two Gallies of the Duke de Turſis, which are at Leghorn, are Ordered to Civita Vecchia, there to take on Board, the Mareſchal de Theſſe, and the Marquis de Monteleone, and to carry them to France; That the Preſident of the Council of State, has found means to furniſh 100000 Crowns in part of 400000 which were demanded for paying the Imperial Cavalry in Italy, and has under conſideration ways and means to raiſe the reſt of the Sum: That New Levies are making, for augmenting the Forces of that State to 120 Men each Company of Foot, and to 80 each Troop of Horſe: That the Letters from the Hague adviſe, that the States having certain information that the French are drawing moſt of their Forces into the Netherlands to endeavour to retrieve the Honour of their Arms, their High Mightineſſes have under their conſideration how to reinforce their Troops in Flanders, beſides the Augmentation they have agreed upon. Which is all from Yours, &c.

All Perſons are deſir'd to Direct their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to Mr. *Carter* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, Mr. *Bickerton* at the *Roſe and Crown* in *Little Britain*, Booſellers, or to the Printer hereof, whether with Queſtions, or with Directions to become Subſcribers, or for whole Sets from the Beginning, or for Packs of Guards neatly bound to keep them in, at 2*s.* a piece, with all which they ſhall be ſerv'd at their Houſes by our Meſſengers.

Note, That they, who have whole Sets, are to pay Eight Shillings and Six Pence for all to *St. Thomas*'s Day except the Quarterly Book, of which Sets great part are gone, and we ſhall not Reprint them again, having twice reprinted them already.

Note alſo, Our Rates are 2*s.* per Quarter without the *Monthly Paper*, and 2*s.* 6*d.* with, to have them brought home to their Houſes, and to pay at the end of the Quarter; they who come within the Quarter to pay only a Penny a piece at Quarter-day for ſo many as they have had, and 2*d.* a piece for the Monthly. Such as live in the Country are deſired to appoint a Friend in Town to take them in for them.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TWO Diſcourſes, whereof the firſt is, an Exhortation to the ſtrict obſervance of *Aſh-wedneſday*. The Second, a Defence of thoſe, who keep Lent, and obſerve the other Faſts of the Church, in anſwer to a Divine, who ask'd the Author why he kept Lent, recommended in a Preface by Dr. George Hickes. Printed for W. Carter, at the Green Dragon in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs*, againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.